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Xavier University (Cincinnati, Ohio), "Xavier University Newswire" (1975). *All Xavier Student Newspapers*. 392.

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XAVIER News

Kidney Photos on page 5

Vol. 61 No. 11 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1975

NEWS

POTPOURRI

SPORTS

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University Senate favors the "free flow of ideas"

By SUE STEVENOT,
News Staff Writer

As a result of questionable proceedings concerning the report given by the Student Life Committee at the last University Senate meeting, a special Senate meeting was held December 10 to again present the committee's proposals. The meeting was called by a unanimous vote of Student Senate.

The Student Life Committee, formed by Senate last spring, once again presented their report and proposals, somewhat changed since the last University Senate meeting. These proposals were based on the student life dorm survey and the Student Handbook.

At the request of the committee on Student Life, the first proposal, concerning the extension of intervisitation hours and the right of each wing

to decide its own hours, was temporarily tabled. Fr. Brueggeman explained that students on the committee are gathering information from other Jesuit universities about their intervisitation policies.

The first portion of the second proposal calls for the University to recognize the value of diversified speakers, films and publications, thus encouraging a "free flow of ideas."

It was established that the last speaker controversy was concerning Jane Fonda, who cancelled her appearance at Xavier after a lengthy discussion. Dr. Flaspohler expressed concern over legal responsibility, if, as the proposal stated, the Vice-President of Student Development would no longer approve the speaker and co-sign binding agreements.

Fr. Francis Brennan, Academic Vice-president, responded that,

while the proposal was "not airtight," he favored it. "I don't think it's proper to appear to suppress dissent. I don't think our view of the world is improved by refusing to allow such dissent." He recommended that, "we entertain an open speaker's policy." Brennan further recommended that the University be able to intervene in a case of clear and present danger — such as riot — and danger to human beings.

He further maintained that the group presenting the speakers would have the right of appeal to a faculty committee.

Dr. Hailstones stressed the danger controversial speakers represented to Xavier's image, and financial support.

Fr. Brennan concluded, "That is the crux: you are possibly hurting yourself, if the media interprets that the entire University is seen to be sponsoring a speaker. Responsibility is implied in the recognition of a campus organization, and they should have the welfare of the University in mind. I lean in the direction of the free flow of ideas; I know that's dangerous. I would like to protect us while not smothering the free flow."

Hailstones repeatedly objected to creation of "situations which need remedial action," and damage to the University's reputation. Further objections stressed the responsibility of the President of the University in these matters, the fact that University Senate has only the power to make recommendations, that safeguards



The University Senate meeting in the Terrace Room debated Student Life committee proposals on open Speaker's policy and teacher evaluations.

WVXU plans giant increase in power

By LARRY SHEEHAN,
News Staff Writer

On Monday, Dec. 15, WVXU-FM filed an application with the FCC (Federal Communications Commission) for a construction permit to increase the station's power from its present 65 watts to 16,000 watts.

Mr. Jay Adrick, Director of Broadcasting, said that the FCC's decision should be known by March. If the decision is favorable, and Adrick is confident that it will be, a used 2.5 kilowatt FM transmitter will be purchased and installed. When WVXU-FM returns to the airwaves next September, then, it will be in the top five percent of all student-operated, university-owned radio stations in the nation in its power range.

At present, WVXU-FM has a primary broadcast range radius of 8-12 miles (12-15 mile secondary radius) and a potential listening audience of 460,000 people. With the power increase, the primary radius would measure an average 31.5 miles (68-74 mile secondary radius) and could reach approximately 2 million people on any given day.

At one time, WVXU-FM couldn't

be received on the far side of Kuhlman Hall. With the boost in power, it will be possible to listen in Dayton, Ohio, or Richmond, Indiana.

The plan to increase the transmitting power signifies the realization of Phase II in a three phase plan of growth for WVXU-FM. Phase I was completed in 1974 when the effective radiated power was increased from 10 watts to its present 65.8 watts.

According to Adrick, various projects that could be underwritten in the future might include: development of a News Department; conversion from monaural to stereo broadcasts; and the development of various community service projects.

In Adrick's words, "One of the main reasons for seeking to increase the power was to qualify for grants for development from various agencies that fund non-commercial radio stations. These agencies and organizations require minimum power levels and minimum full-time staff for operating the stations they support."

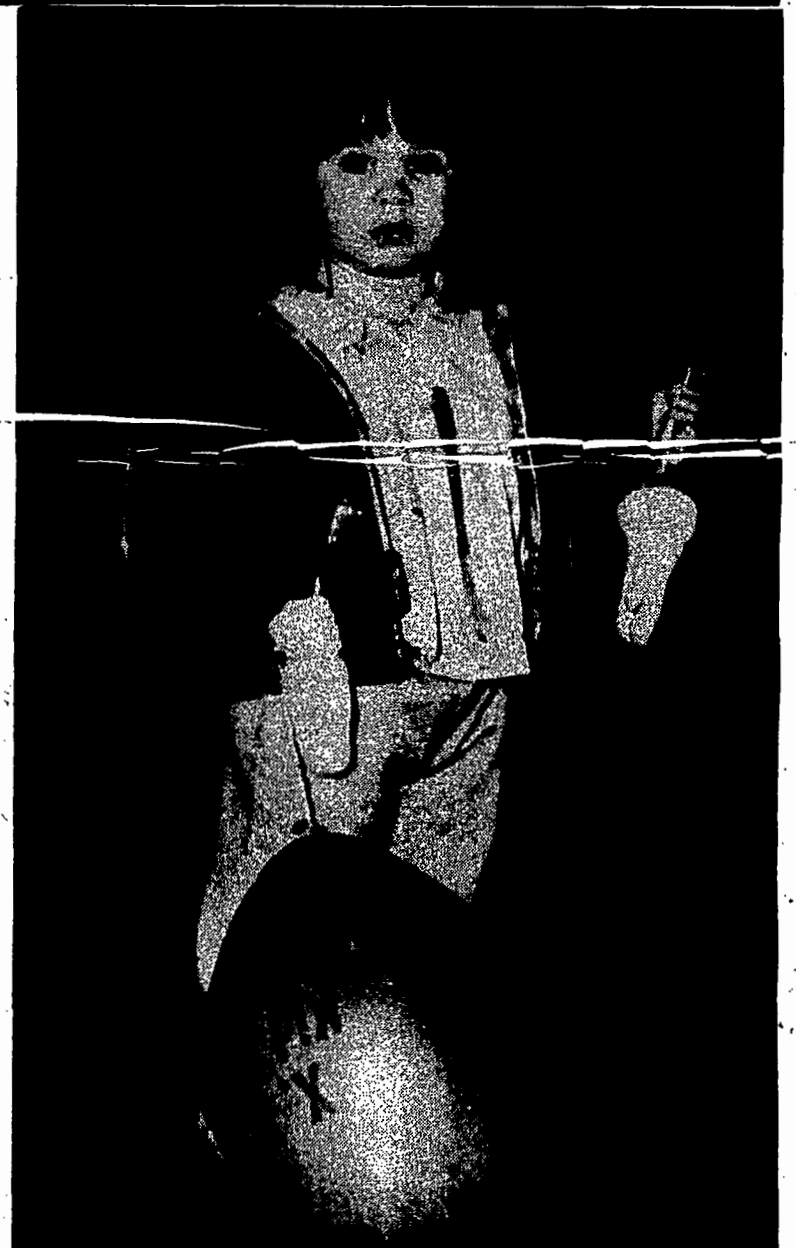
WVXU-FM broadcasts Monday through Friday from 11:00 A.M. to 2:00 A.M. at 91.7 on your dial.



Staff Photo by RICK BEAGLE

Kisha wins beauty title

Kisha, renowned "Mr. President" cartoon artist and show-biz personality, was crowned "Miss Xavier News" of 1975 last Saturday night. Story on page 3.



Staff Photo by PAT SAYRES

"...and a child shall lead them." Area kids invaded Xavier once again for the annual Kid Day last Friday, December 12. Words are inadequate to describe some situations - like the one above - so we tell the story in pictures, on page 5.

Housing Director offers some...

By David A. Tom

What's an administrator doing writing in a student publication? A reasonable question. I could say that it is for information, enlightenment, balanced presentation of news, etc., etc. However, it really is only a desire to see my name in print and to see if the typesetter could read my writing.

Throughout the remainder of the year the column will treat you to bits of humor, no cartoons, highlights of secret administration meetings, words of advice and possible some photographic comments on campus life.

Well here goes:
December 11th, 1975 will live forever in the hearts of the "Dormies." Santa came to see them. He said he hadn't visited X.U. dorms for several years but he would sure be back next year because everyone had been so nice to him. He also commented that his new thin and trim profile was due to the new Shamrock Food Service that now had the food contract at the North Pole.

Dorm Info

Questions making the rounds of the dorms:

Where is the most expensive Christmas tree in the dorm?

Why Spain?

Does Kuhlman Hall have a thermostat?

Last Friday a false fire alarm was set off in Kuhlman Hall. Seven pieces of fire equipment with about 50-60 men responded to this alarm. Fortunately there was no fire, no one was injured, and it only cost about \$1,000.00.

The Dorms will close for Christmas at 4:00 p.m. Saturday, December 20th and reopen at noon, Saturday, January 3rd, 1976. The closing thought for the year is "The trouble with being an expert is that you can't turn to anyone else for information." (Dale Frey)

Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

GRAFFITI

Compiled by Joyce Schrieber

There is a lot that can be done by the commuters to get what they want at Xavier, and to get it with only a minimal time investment. Since the vast majority of students who live at home or off-campus do not have the time to continually make known their desires at University meetings, what is needed is a quick method of discovering what the student wants to present to the administration and Student Government for action. It is for this reason that a group of students are putting together a comprehensive survey to cover the students' experience both at Xavier and as a human being. Work on constructing the survey will begin over semester break. Anyone who would like to help in any way or who has suggestions for the material to be in the survey should call Michael Vilaboy at 522-9594 or Breen Lodge at 745-3322 and leave their name and number.

The Library Committee is interested in student evaluations of the present library collection. Do you feel that the library has an adequate selection of books in the areas you use most often for reference? Do you have any suggestions for areas of study which need improvement? Any student who has such valuable input, please contact Dr. Garascia (745-3361) or Gail Austing (601 Kuhlman, 745-3495).

WVXU-FM has added to its program schedule a fifteen minute segment entitled *Speak Out*. This program is designed to give students and faculty who have something on their minds a chance to speak out and have their opinions heard. Those people who wish to have their views aired on the radio are asked to contact Chris Caruso either by stopping down at WVXU or by calling 745-3738 and making an appointment. This program will be aired every Thursday afternoon on radio 91.7 from 2:15 to 2:30 p.m. on WVXU-FM.

Xavier University recently named Joseph G. Sandman as Director of Foundation and Government Relations, effective on January 5, 1976. This position is part of the Development Office. Sandman was formerly Director of Career Planning and Placement for Xavier, a post he held for sixteen months. Prior to this time he was an instructor of freshman English at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. He received his B.A. in Philosophy from the Athenaeum of Ohio and his M.A. in English from Xavier. Sandman is a native of Cincinnati and presently lives in Kuhlman residence hall at Xavier.

John Kenneth Galbraith offers for New York City's ills a cure suggesting that were he treating a wino Mr. Galbraith would treat him with scotch: "I think it's fair to say that no problem associated with New York City could not be solved by providing more money."

—New York Times, July 30, 1975

Alpha Sigma Nu, the National Jesuit Honor Society, is currently making preparations for the application and induction of new members. Membership in the organization is based on the student's clear demonstration of the qualities of Scholarship, Loyalty, and Service. Scholarship means an above-average interest and proven competence in academic studies (all students with a cumulative average above 3.35 are eligible). Loyalty means a personal commitment to Xavier University and to its principles. Service means not mere membership, but actual sacrifice of time and energy as a leader in some community or campus activity. Applications will be sent out during the week of January 5. If you feel that you are eligible for membership, and do not receive an application, please contact Dr. Gruber (745-3665) or Joe Koterski (745-3160).

1976 will be a year of celebrations, contributions, and change. As upcoming 1976 graduates, I feel that we should be a part of that change. Every year Xavier University Seniors march in the traditional basic black. No color, no glamour, just plain basic black. This year, with your cooperation, that can be changed. Mr. John Wentz of the Xavier University Bookstore, and the company that makes the cap and gowns every year for Xavier marching seniors, have agreed to help give "The Spirit of '76" graduating class a real colorful flag for graduation. This year we have an opportunity to wear the Royal Hoods that have been worn only in the past by graduates receiving their Masters and Ph.D. Your first question is probably, "What are Royal Hoods?" Well, Royal Hoods are the huge, colorful caps that hang draped over the shoulders and down the back of the gown.

The outside of the hood is black, but the inside will be Royal Blue and White Satin, which represents the school colors. Around the border or edge will be universal color of your degree in velvet, which will also match the color of your tassel.

The average cost of the plain black gowns range between \$5 and \$8. The cost of the hood will be \$5.

I feel that as Seniors of '76, we deserve more than a plain basic black gown. I feel that we should do real and true justice to our '76 school year. I am sure that you will agree.

If you have any questions or comments to make concerning this letter, please feel free to call me at any time. My phone number is 352-3257 or 541-9299.

Sincerely,

B.J. Ruffin

We are conducting a poll to see how many seniors would like to have the hoods for graduation. Please complete this portion and return it to the Student Information Desk no later than Friday, December 19, 1975 at 1:00 p.m.

Yes, I would prefer the hoods as well as the black gowns.

No, I would not prefer the hoods with the gowns.

Your cooperation and promptness is very important!

Commentary

By Larry Sheeche

Idle (Idyll?) Thoughts

December wanes. The days grow shorter and the year, 1975, prepares to come to its end. There are as many different opinions concerning the year's demise as there are people who care to give it thought. Some are thankful that it is finally over and yearn for the promises of new opportunities and fresh starts that the new year holds forth. Others realize, perhaps regretfully, that another year has slipped by all too quickly; that they now have one year less to fulfill their all too incomplete lives. The fact that all take a little time to break away from their fast-paced existence and indulge in a period of reflection is significant.

Reflection is that quality of man which makes it possible for him to continually improve his lot on earth. One generation exceeds the expectations of its predecessors and will, in turn, be improved upon by the next. This improvement can not be credited to evolution. Nor is it sufficient to say that "we learn from the mistakes of others." We learn from them only if we ask why this should be thus in such a period of space and time. It is not enough to know that one thing works where another has failed. We must learn why each reacts in the way it does.

History exists as an organized course of study in order to provide man with lessons to reflect upon. Without reflection, World War II can stagnate to the level of Hogan's Heroes; William Shakespeare can be likened to a medieval Jacqueline Susanne. After reflection, WWII becomes an international struggle for supremacy between the forces of Nazism, Facism, latent Communism, and Freedom. Shakespeare becomes more than a best seller. His

work embodies psychology, sociology, philosophy, and many strains of religious and political thought.

History provides an additional tool for reflection: perspective. Perspective is that quality which enables us to gauge our accomplishments on the continuum of human activity. It is the means with which we "put things all together." It gives order to our sense of priorities and allows us to add meaning to our lives.

Reflection, then, is not an activity peculiar to the month of December. (It just seems manifest at this time.) It's an integral part of our existence. For some of us, it is even more than that, though; it's a way of life.

A select few of us seek to make our livelihood by observing the activities of man and offering our reflections for public digestion. We call ourselves journalists, editorial writers, and columnists. Others aren't nearly so charitable in their description of our endeavors.

We, the self-appointed (and sometimes self-righteous) spokesmen for and guardians of the public conscience, often appear rather dour and cynical in our pronouncements. We see more than the average man does because we aren't permitted the privilege of closing our eyes to that which is painful to them. So it is, too, that we seem to impart more than our share of unpleasant tidings. Without perspective to temper our insights, all journalists (and would-be public mouthpieces) would soon be hopeless cynics.

While I personally do not subscribe to any "cheerleading" function of the press, I do feel an obligation to at least maintain perspective

in what I write.

One must constantly strive to achieve the good. That often proves difficult in writing. This particular "Commentary" is a case in point. I had the ideas but the words eluded me, until suddenly everything became clear.

Words are only as good as that which they seek to represent. In this case, words were found wanting. I kept thinking of the phrase, "...ringing out the old; ringing in the new..." The idea of ringing conjured up the form of the bell-ringer soldier of the soul-salvaging army in my mind.

I know you've seen them at Christmas (I've often wondered where they hide out for the remainder of the year.) They plant themselves outside the big department stores and on other well travelled footpaths. They dutifully man their positions, often in bitter cold, and seek out the conscience in all who pass by with a penetrating look of petition or a piercing ring of their bell. They do so out of love for their fellow man and have only the joy of giving as their reward.

On first viewing, you have to wonder where they come from and why they keep coming back. After reflection, you realize that they aren't depressed in their work and that you shouldn't feel awkward when confronted by them. Rather, you should be glad that they are here.

Maybe it's good that they only come out in December. They help restore a basic faith in humanity in a season where many have lost it. Moreover, their presence helps to inspire one to make the next year a better one.

Merry Christmas; a prosperous New Year; and a safe return back here to all of you.

Beautiful People at News party drink, dance with abandon

Holly Barry
Star Syndicate

All the Beautiful People were there, chatting vivaciously about other Beautiful People, Beautiful Things, and Beautiful Thoughts. Caroline Kennedy flirted with John

It was playful. It was perverse. It was festive. It was foul. It was the Xavier News Christmas Party.

Ah, the conversations that were held — on couches, on chairs, in corners, on the floor, in the kitchen, in the john, on the dance floor. The



Staff Photo by RICK BEAGLE

Larry Sheeche and Tom Flynn, only two of the Beautiful People present, drink with abandon.

Getz, Salvador Dali, ogled Peggy Dillon over his mustachios, and every one wondered why Sly Stone was late. Roger Daltrey kept laying his cheek against doorjams, and Jimmy Hoffa refused to answer to his name.

They sipped their Black Russians, these Beautiful People, from quaint ecru little paper cups, which they crumpled gaily and tossed over their shoulders into the fireplace. A few celebrants (Mao Tse-Tung and Fidel Castro among them) laughingly quaffed champagne from the bottles handed promiscuously about, the bubbly solution seeming to gain flavor (and saliva) with each new imbiber.

dance floor! The couples bobbing and gliding and bumping gracefully about reminded one forcefully of toy sailboats on the Reflecting Pool in Eden Park, under a high wind. The colorfully costumed comrades boogied tastefully and waltzed with abandon, dipping salaciously to the rug. One striking couple was observed tangoing purposefully up and down the stairs and about the house, knifing through clusters of conversationalists. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire tottered pathetically through the remains of a fox trot atop the coffee table. Diana Ross postured from the mantel, and Squeaky Fromme stalked about with a handgun, much to Jerry and Betty

Ford's dismay.

In addition to champagne and liquor, pretzels, corn and potato chips were served. Editor-in-Chief Steve Bedell poured — into the cups of others, as well as over and into himself. One classless individual was seen, early in the evening, sneaking out for beer at the request of Margaux Hemingway, but it got him nowhere — she was much taken with Ernie Fontana.

The climax of the evening was the Xavier News First Annual Bathing Beauty Contest. Entrants (none of which or whom was either beautiful or bathed) were: a pair of men's argyle hose (wearing *Essence du Swear Sock*); Fred the Drinking Frog; Yorick the Death's Head; a Christmas Cactus; a drinking Cup immediately from the lips of John Getz; an unidentified Xavier Identification Card; Jerry Cox; and Ray Lebowksi. Judges were Frank Bernardi, Truth; Michael Vilaboy, Beauty; and Anita Buck, Talent. Tom (Our Man) Flynn emceed the auspicious event. The proceedings, however, are unclear: President Ford has commissioned a Congressional Committee to investigate the matter, a full report to be given in 1980.

Upon the supposed finish of the contest, the gala steadily unwound. A burning cushion caused a flurry of activity, but Beth Younger dealt masterfully with the charred kapok, earning a smattering of applause.

It was not until four a.m. that the last Secret Service agent slunk away.

XAVIER News

The Xavier News is the official student newspaper of Xavier University. The articles, pictures, and letters are the responsibility of the staff. The News is published weekly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods by Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207. Subscriptions are \$5.00 per year. The News was entered as second class matter October 4, 1946, at the Post Office of Cincinnati, Ohio under the Act of March 3, 1879.

editors and do not represent the views of the administration, faculty, and student body of Xavier unless specifically stated.

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Editors reserve the right to condense or reject any letter and limit frequent writers.

Main offices, first floor, University Center Building. News-editorial telephone: (513) 745-3561. Advertising telephone: (513) 745-3431.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

"Dog Day Afternoon:" you will laugh—and cry for more

"Dog Day Afternoon" is an inherently superior film. The viewers' doubt of its greatness will not be the film's defect, but the viewers' misconception of the film's components. Admittedly, I questioned the apparent perverse and antithetical tones present throughout "Dog Day Afternoon," a great title, incidentally. Only after careful study does one appreciate Sidney Lumet's production. It's one of those movies you're forced to think about for hours after its finish.

The farcical style of the film will be, I'll venture to say, the viewers' major complaint, or rather, point of question. Maybe the film was too funny for what it had to say. You couldn't help but laugh at incidents that held devastating implications. I was disappointed in myself for doing just that, but, I *had* to laugh.

The story is based on fact, and believe me, you'll doubt it often. The incident occurred in August, 1972. Two men, Sonny (Al Pacino) and Sal (John Cazale), attempt to rob a Brooklyn bank. To say they are unskillful, inept and incompetent is understating what happened. The robbery is discovered and police

swarm, literally in the hundreds, to the site. The bank manager and tellers then become hostages. They are also Sonny's and Sal's ticket out of the country in a clumsy scheme. Between the initial entrance of the robbers and the arrival of the limousine, and the "jet out of the country," the film's elements are teasingly uncovered.

A mob crowds the area to see the action and every television and radio station has cameramen, interviewers and reporters covering the scene live. On the streets outside we see some disgusting aspects of human nature. In the bank we see some of the "seemingly" disgusting aspects brought to light. The hostages discover, through the television in the bank, that Sonny is a married homosexual with two children. Sonny is also married to a man. The wedding was a "full-dress white ceremony with seven male bridesmaids." Remembering the relationships that existed before this fact was discovered, the atypical reactions and behavior patterns that ensue on the part of the crowd, police, hostages, and even Sonny and Sal are dumbfounding. I'm still

having difficulty understanding the thinking of each person in these particular set of circumstances. This difficulty adds interest to the film. Sonny admits that his reason for robbing the bank was to afford a sex change operation for his male lover.

One must pay careful attention to all the detailed activities to discover the characterization process, which is, by the way, mainly directed at Sonny. Al Pacino is fantastic! His acting was work though it appeared effortless.

The other characters in the film are interesting, but nonetheless, were often stereotypes. Their acting was no less well executed.

The film's ending, though already sensed by the viewer, is sadly powerful. It contrasts and compares in a very few moments all that has gone before it and leaves the viewer exhausted.

See this movie. It's "over two hours in length" demands your full attention. Every character, dialogue, setting, and detail is relevant and important. Don't miss one. You will leave wondering if you liked it or not. You will definitely have to think about it. —Kevin Michael McGraw

Kisha wins "Miss Xavier News" title—accepts duties with solemn dignity

By GEORGE BEAZY
News Staff Writer

The howls of victory and the agonizing of the defeated (not to mention the insensible ramblings of the hopelessly drunk) permeated Breen Lodge last Saturday night when the winner was announced in the First Annual Xavier News Bathing Beauty Contest.

The winner, selected after a confusing judging process which, some observers termed "dynamic compromise" — though most called it "collusion" — Kisha, canine celebrity and creator of the "Mr. President" comic strip.

The Contest, one facet of a major development in the News' continuing quest after truth and beauty, marked the high point in the News staff's annual Christmas party, an event rivaled in sheer hilarity only by such things as final exams, tuition increases, and spinal meningitis. Formally announced two weeks ago, the Contest was open to anyone and anything, and that's just what showed up.

The Contestants included Chris King's ID card, a paper cup, a plastic skull entered by one of the judges, a wilting plant entered by another judge, a drinking frog entered by the master of ceremonies, Jerry Cox, a half-empty bottle of Great Western champagne, University Senator and Student Senator-Elect Ray Lebowksi, and recent XU graduate Tom Petre's socks.

The astute observer may deduce that the name of the winner does not appear among the entrants. This is because Kisha not only never entered the Contest, but was not even in Breen Lodge when the judging occurred. This is just one of the reasons that the judges' decision has been challenged by a wide variety of critics. The attitude of these persons is perhaps best described by the reaction of one on-looker who exploded, "Kisha win a bathing beauty contest! She hasn't had a bath in months!"

Even the most vocal objectors have not levelled personal attacks against the Contest staff, so distinguished was the panel of judges assembled to celebrate the relative aesthetic worth of Xavier's greatest beauties.

The panel of judges included noted feminist, horticulturist, play reviewer, and somnambulist Anita Buck; the well-known writer on apathy Mike Vilaboy, who when asked to judge the event said, "I don't care, I'll give it a try."; and pinball wizard Frank Bernardi, certain-

ly foremost (well, five or six most, anyway) among campus pundits. The solemn duties of the Master of Ceremonies were assumed by a paranoid schizophrenic on loan from Longview State Hospital named Tom Flynn, not to be confused with contributing editor and Student Senator-elect Tom Flynn, who hasn't been caught yet.

News editor Steve Bedell had been expected to play a larger role in the judging but had devoted most of his



Staff Photo by RICK BEAGLE

Anita Buck: "This is the most disgusting exhibition I've ever seen."

energies to editing the bar, and hence was in no condition to deal with experience on the level of poise, beauty, charm, and talent.

Speaking of talent, it was the "talent" segment of the contest which provided the greatest interest of the evening, as each contestant "did his/her/its stuff." Tom Petre's socks smelled; the plant wilted; Jerry Cox stomped on the paper cup and tried to steal the plastic skull; Mr. Ray Lebowski, as befits the instructor of the upcoming Free University Procrastination Workshop, didn't do much of anything; and the frog fell over a lot.

After the "talent" segment, emcee Flynn announced a five-minute negotiation period during which judges were available for bribes. Film Committee Chairman Bruce Foley attempted the most idiotic bribe of the evening, when he slipped a Bahamas ten-cent piece to Tom Flynn, who wasn't even a judge.

Following the bribery period, strict silence was ignored as the judges deliberated. In short order, Judges Vilaboy and Bernardi had agreed that the plastic skull, nicknamed Yorick, should be the

winner. Vilaboy said later that the quality which most colored his thinking in favor of Yorick was the little stamp on his underside which read "Property M. Vilaboy."

Unfortunately, though two out of three ain't bad, in this case it weren't enough, either. Contest rules (yes, there were some!) stated that judging had to be unanimous. The holdout: Judge Anita Buck, who had approached the Contest from its inception with the air of a conscientious objector. From time to time, in fact, Judge Buck was observed to have made herself extremely objectionable, especially when she stood on the arm of a sofa, drink in hand, and loudly proclaimed, "This is the most disgusting exhibition I've ever seen."

Ms. Buck had the support of Messrs. Vilaboy and Flynn during her diatribe. This does not imply that they agreed with her, merely that without support Ms. Buck would probably have fallen off the couch.

Disquiet slithered through the room, adding its unique aura to the general cacaphony of noise. A deadlock! Would there be no winner? Would arbitration be required? Should the News staff stage a wildcat strike and not ride Queen City Metro buses, as some suggested?

A hushed horse-trading session ensued among the judges. It was clear that no one contestant had any hope of earning unanimous recognition, even though Jerry Cox had narrowed the odds by destroying or pocketing every competitor he could lay his hands on. Only two choices were open to Bernardi, Flynn, Buck, and Vilaboy — to attempt a compromise settlement, or possibly to open a law firm.

Thus the judges finally settled on Kisha, the Pied Piper mascot, the aforementioned canine being a celebrity known across the campus whose charm, poise, and talent were beyond question.

Take Kisha, for example. When interviewed on her reactions to her absentee victory, Kisha was unemotional. As would one accustomed to greatness, Kisha took on the solemn duties of Miss Xavier News 1976 with quiet dignity.

How does Kisha feel about the nine entrants whose destinies she trampled? As far as she's concerned, it's just life — and life is "ruff, ruff, ruff."

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WHY LIVE A LIFE WITHOUT MEANING?

Too many of us are in places we don't want to be. Doing things we really don't want to be doing. Sometimes, it's because we can't think of anything better to do—but that's no way to live.

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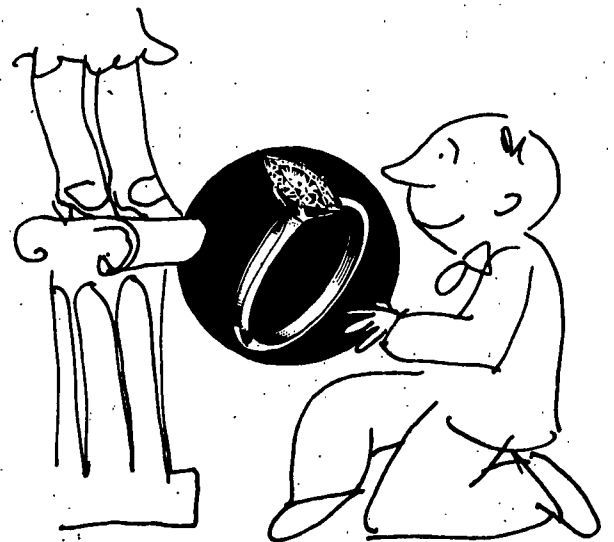
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SPORTS

Victory bell falls silent at Marshall Tournament

XU rocks Marshall, clipped by Kent 79-71

By TOM USHER
Sports Editor

For the first time in two nights at last weekend's Marshall U. in Huntington, W. Va. the Musketeer victory bell was silent. Fifty Xavier fans stood motionless in the stands Saturday night, seconds after the Golden Flashes of Kent State rocked Xavier 79-71 for the championship in the Marshall Memorial Invitational Tournament. Xavier's head cheerleader Paul Shaffery sat speechless, his head bent gazing at the victory bell, thinking of how it clanged into the wee hours of the night before, proclaiming X's 78-77 overtime win over tourney hose Marshall.

Even though X.U. finished second, there were many sweet memories Friday night to send all the Xavier backers home satisfied. The thundering herd from Marshall, who entered the game with a 4-0

record, jumped out to 38-30 halftime lead. The half ended with Xavier's Mike McCall and Herd's Frank Steele being separated and restrained after a pushing match.

X came right back in the last half, as Gary Whitfield's foul line jumpers and base line lay ups riddled the Herd defense. Whitfield, who tallied 25 points, also intercepted a few Herd passes when Xavier used their 1-2-1-1 full court zone press. Down the stretch Mike Plunkett and Dale Harmon hit key hoops, to keep X.U. close.

With the score tied at 67 and 15 ticks left on the clock, Xavier had possession of the ball following a Marshall travelling violation. Whitfield missed an off-balance 15-footer with 8 seconds left. Marshall rebounded and called time. Don Miller missed the Herd's last shot and the game went into overtime. In the overtime period Whitfield and

Plunkett got X out to a quick 6 point lead, a lead which they held onto until the buzzer. Xavier's fans went bananas, while Marshall University was in a state of shock.

In Saturday night's title game against Kent State Xavier displayed their courage. Being down 39-38 at the half, X came out stale in the second half. The Golden Flashes scored 8 unanswered points before Dale Haarman responded with a hoop at the 16:38 mark in the second half. Kent, paced by tourney MVP Jim Collins, held a ten point lead for the better part of the half. The 6-5 Collins finished with 25 and was unstoppable around the key. The

Muskies fought all the way back in the final minutes and tied the slate at 71, with a minute and a half left. Now enter Kent's Cortez Brown. Brown then sank 6 consecutive free throws, taking advantage of the bonus situation to ease the Flashes ahead 77-71. Two more charity tosses by Kent, and the game was history. Brown was 9 of 10 from the foul line and netted a total of 21 points. Collins had 25 and "O.D." ball racked up 15 for the Flashes.

Although Xavier out rebounded Kent 50-44, Kent controlled the boards when they had to. Also, Kent never seemed to miss, shooting 48% from the field and 79% respectively.

It was the worst X had shot all year, despite Nick Daniels' 24 points and 9 rebounds. Nick hit on 11 of 20. Haarman, who had an off night from the field netted 18, while Whitfield chipped in with 16.

Xavier's Daniels and Whitfield were both selected to the all-tourney team. Seven foot Jim Zoet didn't make the all-tourney team, but he did make the all-ugly squad. XU left the tourney with a 4-2 record while Kent now stands at 3-2, and Marshall is 5-1. Although Xavier didn't win the tourney, they did win the respect of everyone in attendance at the Memorial Fieldhouse.

Sleep was going gone in Huntington

For those who didn't make the trip to Huntington, W. Va. last weekend, I just wanted to inform you that Xavier participated in more than two games this weekend. It's hard to say exactly how many more there were, but they all took place outside the fieldhouse, somewhere in the suburbs of Huntington.

One game all Musketeer backers played was hide-and-seek from the City Police Force. This game provided a personal challenge for all, and with a little luck, a booking was just barely avoided at the Uptowner Inn.

Everybody was nice to us in Huntington for some reason. Mr. and Mrs. Linsenmeyer put some of us up and gave us the best food of our lives. Jim Linsenmeyer, "Da Monk," had connections with a beer warehouse and he could be found constantly transporting a half barrel to each party we attended. Once "Monk" went to the warehouse at 4 a.m. to get us a refill. What a fine American!

It seemed everybody's life was chanced during that trip. One person spent a good deal of time dancing

Ush on Sports

Xavier News sports column

Another game was trying to find a place in the TKE house which didn't smell like the remains at a Dachau prison camp. One game I enjoyed playing was guessing how many more insults one Xavier inhuman would deliver about blacks before he'd get a bloody nose. Bets were placed Saturday on exactly how many times a certain individual would lose his lunch. The lucky winner had the number 7.

with a folding chair. Another wished he had danced with at least a chair.

Sleep was definitely at a minimum this weekend, especially for two who found gold under a rainbow and bounced home after the morning paper did. After the game, Marshall's Athletic Director told the X fans that he loved the victory bell, and that we definitely had a "class" organization. There's nothing like southern hospitality on a senior trip.



Staff Photo by PETE HENKEL

Parachutists do have their feet planted on the ground—though not so firmly—as this club member shows.

Parachutists aren't crazy

"Anyone jumping from airplanes must be—"

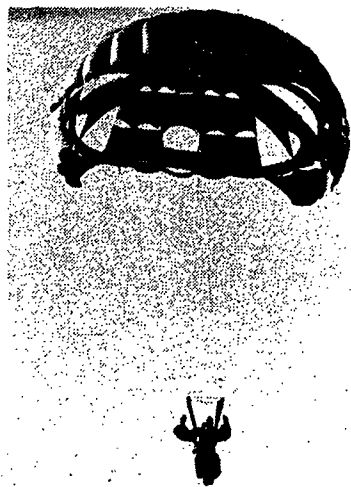
By MARK MODIC
Guest Writer

Most of those who are reading this article probably think that anyone who would jump out of an airplane must be crazy. The Xavier University Skydiving Club is here on campus to disprove this idea. Not only are the members of the club not crazy, but they actually feel sorry for those who have not had the opportunity to try parachuting. Skydiving is not only safe, but it is also the most exciting experience you will ever have the opportunity to try.

The club here at Xavier was formed three years ago for the sole purpose of promoting Sport Parachuting at Xavier. Skydiving is not as simple as just falling from an airplane and hoping that one's parachute opens. A certain amount of skill is involved, and as one progresses, there are more things to

be mastered.

The Xavier Skydiving Club has its



Staff Photo by PETE HENKEL

"The most exciting experience you will ever try..." Mark Modic.

own equipment and has also arranged for reduced rates for the first jump's training-session and for the first jump itself to help those who would like to try the sport, but could not afford it otherwise. Most of our

club members have only jumped a few times, but at least they have had the opportunity to experience skydiving.

The Skydiving Club is one of the most active clubs on campus. The club jumps year round, since this is one of the few outdoor sports which can be enjoyed throughout the year.

This year the club hopes to get involved in some competition on the collegiate level. Last year, Xavier took second and third place in the advanced class at an accuracy meet held between some of the local colleges.

Skydiving is definitely not for everybody. Only those with a willingness to try something totally new will ever jump. Most people who degrade the sport have never jumped or have only jumped a few times, and degrade it only because they know very little about it.

If you are interested in learning more about sport parachuting, call Mark Modic (745-3708) or Ed Powell (745-3427).

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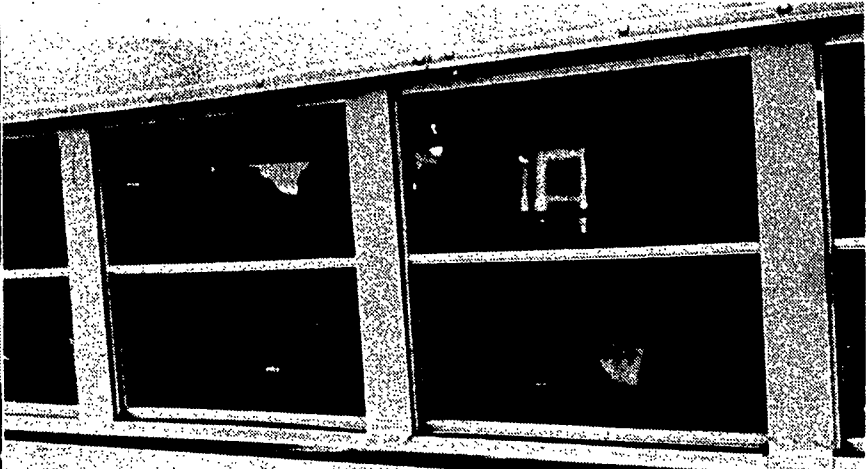
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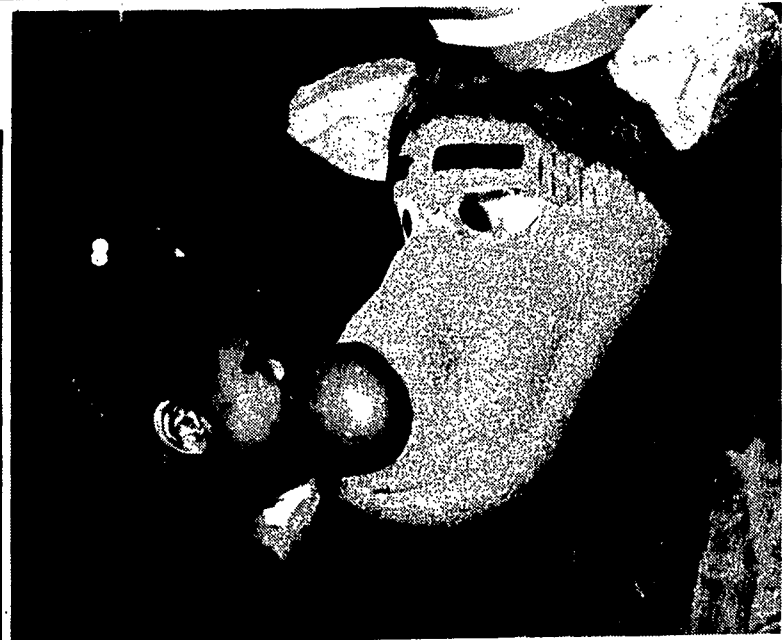
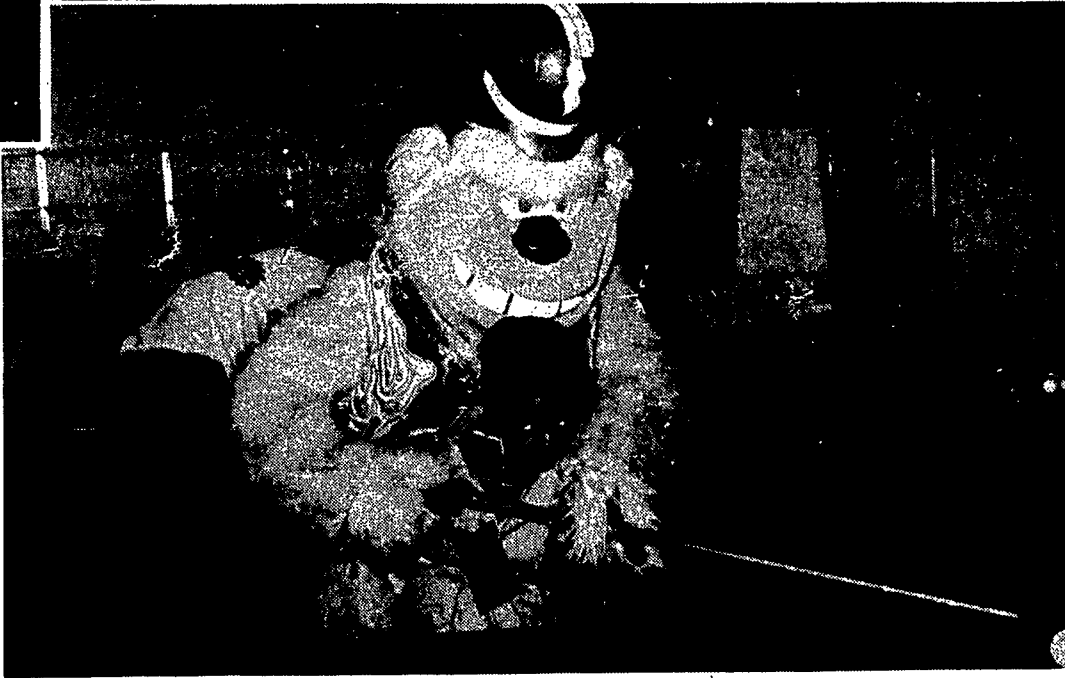
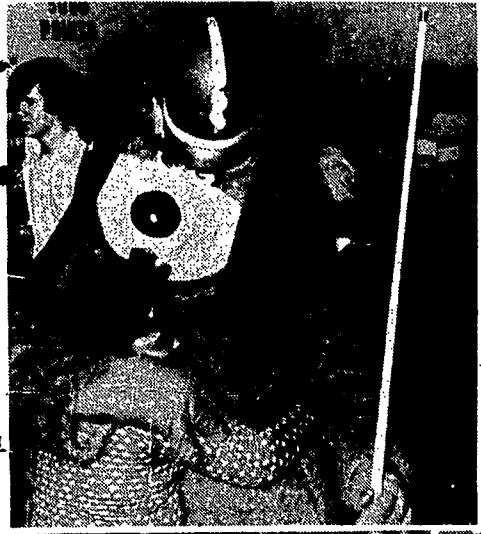
PHONE NO.

COLLEGE ATTENDING Grad. Date.....



Kid Day 1975

Staff photos by Pat Sayres





The Xavier News wishes you a Merry Christmas!

Mr. President

AM, KID DAY HAS ROLLED AROUND ONCE AGAIN.



THE TIME WHEN YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE FROLIC TOGETHER IN PERFECT HARMONY.



HERE'S A LITTLE PERSON NOW—MY BIG CHANCE TO WISH A KIDDE A MERRY CHRISTMAS.



HELLO, I'M THE PRESIDENT! ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS MY CHILD?



ANYTHING YOU SAY, HONKEY!



Sandman thanked, recognized as doing a good job

It is not too often that we get the chance to commend and sincerely thank a person for doing a fine job. However, the job that Joe Sandman has done as Career Placement Director deserves such recognition. Joe has been very instrumental in preparing seniors for careers after graduation. He has compiled a career planning book that has proven most helpful to seniors, besides being able to give us many useful tips in preparation for interviews. His interest in the student and his knowledge in the field of career planning has been an asset to the office. Again, thanks, Joe, for a job well done.

Barb Lechleiter
Doug McGrath

Editorial angers students; they seek "advice"

Dear Abby,

I never thought I'd be writing you but you are my last resort. Here is my story. The names have not been changed because everyone is guilty. There is this mysterious girl at Camp who is known as "A.B." She says in the official Camp Xavier paper that the scouts here are apathetic. You see, Abby, this whole nasty affair started when the Film Committee showed a movie and only forty-seven aesthetic-minded students attended. It was an excellent movie and I liked it the first three times I saw it at the Alpha Fine Arts Cinema. The price of admission couldn't be beat: like McDonald's, you even got change back from a dollar. However, the secret organization which chose the movie neglected to promote it except for a few hours beforehand. As a commuter, I have a job, not to mention the car pool which leaves at a certain time each day. Why don't they give us more notice? It would be nice to know a week ahead of time. Anyway, Abby, how can I tell this girl that if she wants us to come, she

should tell us ahead of time? If she wants to write nasty things about the students she should get her facts straight.

Please excuse me if this letter is messy, because a herd of salivating Muskies-Wolves read this.

A Dumb Commuting Salivating Wolf

Dear Dumb Wolf,

Get your parents to move out of state. Then go on welfare and join a minority group. This way you should be able to get enough aid and grants to let you live on campus and pay all tuition increases. Being a dormie you'll always know what's going on and you'll always have time to go to these things because you won't have a job.

Name Withheld Upon Request

Grad surprised, considers cartoon as ethnic slur

Since coming to Xavier University last September, among many other things, I have been very pleasantly surprised with the quality of the Xavier News. While not claiming to be a comprehensive fact sheet on all subjects, you do give the Xavier community an entertaining and often enlightening report and commentary on issues of relevance to our community.

This is why I was very surprised and frankly, personally hurt, when I saw the cartoon on pg. 6 of this week's (December 11) edition. I found the cartoon depicting Rosensteingold, the Jew, as being callously racist. It brought the unique feeling of lead to my stomach that comes only when I experience anti-Semitism.

Your cartoon plays up the major racial prejudices that Jews have been trying to fight for a long time. I am sure, or rather would hope, that the Xavier News would not be so insensitive to run a cartoon emphasizing derogatory stereotypes of any other minority — so why the Jews?

To conclude, I would hope that you will be sensitive to ethnic slurs in the future. I reiterate that I do not

believe this single insertion reflects on my overall opinion of your reporting, nor will it adversely affect my continued reading of your newspaper. I only want you to be cognizant of the fact that the insertion of this cartoon was offensive to me.

Rick Weinberg
Graduate Student

Editor's note: Apparently you misunderstood that the purpose of the cartoon was to satirize the same racism you accuse of. The stereotype of Rosensteingold is overdone exactly because it wants to "play up" to the prevalent prejudices and destroy them.

Student clarifies statement — News doing "fine job"

I am writing to clarify my criticism, which appeared in last week's issue of the Xavier News. I greatly support the change-agent posture which many of the members of the student government have taken (and which the News often reflects) in relation to the Xavier system. However, because I myself am involved in change within systems outside of Xavier, this support is based on empathy rather than on personal involvement in working for change in the University. Thus, it is only because I am removed, in a sense, from Xavier that I used the "ingrown" in describing the News' material. For those intimately involved in the University community, the News is doing a fine job. Though I would still like to see a bit more "outgrowth", such — on a large scale — is not necessary for the purposes of the News.

—Andrea Hough-Trapp, '76

Alumni claims News has seen much better days

Dear Editor:

I wish to make some comments upon your printing of my letter con-

cerning Father Savage's death in the Dec. 4 issue of the News.

The letter I wrote had the intention of paying tribute to one of the greatest teachers that Xavier will ever have, as well as to commemorate someone who had a very marked personal influence upon me, an influence which I am sure he also had on many others. The piece was written as a whole, an artistic whole, and for a man who taught poetry. Your editing of the letter unfortunately succeeded in totally emasculating it, so that I am quite afraid that Father Savage would turn in his grave were he to lay eyes on it.

You may have the editorial right to shorten a letter submitted to you for publication, but it seems that you also have the editorial obligation to acknowledge your handiwork. In that way, the butchered results would at least be attributed to the right source. To go even further, I can see no reason why you could not have afforded more space to accommodate the complete text of the letter. As it is, the only other person you could find to eulogize Father Savage was someone who — by his own admission — could not stick out one of Sav's courses. Another reason to turn in his grave.

I must admit that I was also shocked to see the paper in general. The Xavier News has obviously seen better days, much better days. The paper is glutted with advertisements, while the rest of the 'news' consists of sports and other trivialities. That is a far cry from the days when Dr. Ken Eberhard used to cover the whole middle fold of the paper with theological subtleties. I certainly hope that the quality of the X. U. News does not reflect that of the general student body. Else there is cause for another dirge, in addition to the one that you have already confounded with your editorial skills.

I need not tell you that, unless the paper improves markedly, this is the last ink that you have seen flowing from my pen. Also, though I do not care whether you print this letter or not, if you do, please have the decency to print it as a whole.

Michael J. Seidler
Class of 1973
Xavier News

Letters



Contradiction is the better part of valor by Tom Flynn

When the Sun is in your seventh house, and the Moon is in your third house, and Mars is in your ninth house, it's time to move into an apartment.

—Grover McIntosh, 864 A.S.

To observe Xavier for any length of time is to wonder, for she is a capricious Alma Mater. Just when you think you have her pegged, the Big X turns around and does exactly what you didn't expect.

For example: legend has it that Xavier exists to please its alumni and trustees so as to rake in the biggest possible donations herefrom; in this pursuit, the story goes, our administrators neglect all other interests, including those of students, to keep potential

benefactors well-informed, well-pleased, and well-drained.

I believed that once. But to peruse this year's President's Report to trustees and alumni is to wonder. The President's Report annually dwells at length on recent and pending expansions of the University's physical plant. This year's report brought new meaning to the term "recent," though. Besides citing some nonexistent acquisitions by the Chemistry Department, the Report lauds a Corbett Foundation gift of "record-playing equipment" to WVXU. The last time Corbett or anybody else gave a turntable to WVXU was in 1970. It also contains a glowing write-up on Xavier Television, in which there is no information less than two years out of date — like plugging a program "soon to be produced" whose producer graduated last year and which was taped in the summer of 1974.

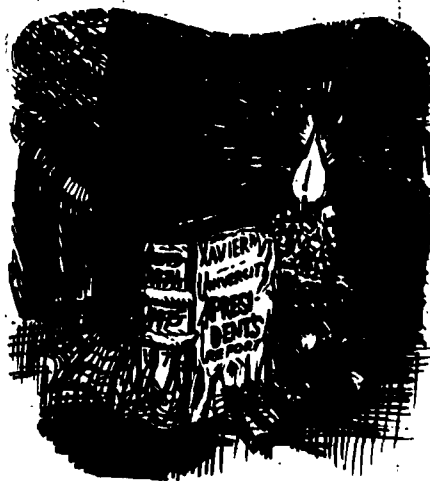
But perhaps the most startling example of administrative double vision regards religious policy — an inconsistency in itself, for where but at a Jesuit institution should the values of faith be more carefully woven into the decision-making process?

I'm not even Catholic—so when I can spot a blunder, it's got to be a doozy. It is *not* kosher to pass around a loaf of Italian bread and a bottle of Lambrusco for the "body and blood," as sometimes happens at dorm chapel Masses.

And there's always the laughable case of last year's student-written one-act play which was a blatant tract of atheistic propaganda, yet went on with only superficial revision and enjoyed support from certain administrators in the form of discretionary boosts in the budget. Is this a good Catholic university at work?

Of course, these examples don't offer a lot of potential for change. Bellarmine Chapel

can do virtually anything it wants to within the present University structure, and that play was



last year anyway. But at this writing, the Xavier community faces the second annual appearance of an activity that not only contradicts Xavier's Christian identity, but pretty well shoots any claim we might have to be taken seriously as an institution of higher learning.

I refer to the upcoming Breen Lodge Free University course in — God forbid — Astrology! *Objection One:* What business does an avowedly Catholic university have supporting a how-to course in a discipline contrary to all applicable dogma? In case somebody's forgotten out there, such diversions as astrology, palm-reading, consulting Ouija boards, and other occult researches are banned by the Church as other-godly — or, in some cases — anti-godly activity. As a

theological outsider, my reaction is one of cynical amusement — but devout Catholic parents might be surprised how lightly the University's religious leaders evidently take their role as guardians of the faith.

Objection Two, perhaps more immediate and certainly my personal gripe: How can a university reconcile its self-image as a haven of rational inquiry with the promotion of an outright superstition — whether this promotion is the work of the University or only of a small segment of the total community?

Do we teach our pre-meds to treat patients with leeches? (If you've ever seen a Xavier premed in a first-aid situation, try hard to keep that from coloring your answer.) Do our chemistry students memorize the four elements — earth, air, fire, and water? Do astronomy profs here at X lecture on Earth as the center of the universe?

They certainly do not — modern scientific inquiry has debunked such old beliefs, and to endorse them nonetheless is to ignore man's obligation as a rational being: to prefer truth over falsehood, even an old, familiar, cuddly falsehood that confers a warm feeling of security.

Don't get me wrong — I heartily endorse and support the Breen Lodge Free University, and wouldn't dream of suggesting that it be subject to the same requirements of academic rigor that bind its not-so-free big brother. But even a Free University, if it is to be something other than an institute of basket-weaving, should restrict itself to dealing only in genuine inquiry in viable knowledge — and a Free University at a Catholic institution should at least pay lip service to the chosen values of the university by whose forbearance it exists.

Is anybody listening?

"He ordered...wine, and I felt like I was in for a long night"

Trains. One only hears about the "plains in Spain." Yet with visions of the Orient Express, I boarded the train for Paris.

It is rumored that Spain has come up with an ingenious plan for stimulating tourism. All single American Girls, they say, are placed in cabins with Spanish gentlemen. Hopefully, the young ladies will become so enamored with Spanish men that they will return again and again to



Spain, each searching for her own Don Juan, each bringing along lots of American dollars. The rumor may or may not be true, but I shared my cabin with a diplomat.

Things were very cordial until I brought out my measly cheese sandwich and bottle of water for dinner. I know one always drinks wine on European trains but I brought water because it came in a plastic bottle. Not as much fun, but practical as the dickens, you must agree. "That's very good for washing your hands," he said. What a joker. The next thing I knew he had ordered us a bottle of wine and I felt I was in for a long night. However, I have the unfortunate habit of falling asleep after very little wine. The diplomat was listing all the famous Americans he had met, and the next thing I remember, besides not being impressed, was breakfast in France.

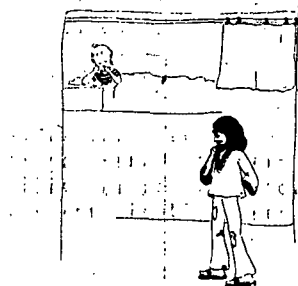
A week later, I was on the train again, heading back to Madrid. After seven days in which I only spoke Spanish twice, I was quite afraid that I had forgotten it all. My traveling companion for this trip arrived with knapsack and not much to say. After a while he began to chat idly. Lots of words were sounding familiar, and I was able to answer because I was familiar with the sequence of questions — Where are you from? Do you like Spain? Are you rich? But once the formalities ended, my fears became a reality as I struggled to understand what he was saying. Could I really have forgotten

it all in just one week? I was on the verge of tears when the conductor came to collect passports. It was then that I discovered that my companion was Portuguese, which explained why I couldn't understand anything he said.

The evening passed without event and at a polite hour I retired to the top bunk and fell asleep.

I was startled awake by light and noise. I could feel the train speeding through the night and heard raindrops splitting against the glass. Then I became aware of the real disturbance. My friend was pacing the six and a half foot long sleeper, expounding with great pitch and volume on the difficulties of life. "How can you be so tranquil?" he said. "You have only twenty years, I have thirty seven. Wait. Wait..."

Thirty-seven? My Lord. The fellow had hair below his shoulders, one earring, and jeans that even Steve Bedell would be ashamed to wear. I had imagined him to be your basic hippie travelling through Europe, spending his father's money in order to discover himself. In the middle of the night he took it upon himself to tell me I was wrong. He was a thirty-seven year old Brazilian



judge, a societal drop-out, who suddenly realized one day that life was difficult and felt compelled to wander, searching for reality. Or at least that's what I think he was trying to say. It really didn't matter. My function wasn't to comment but only to appear naive and seem to absorb the wisdom spewing forth.

When someone is having an identity crisis — at thirty-seven — I feel downright rude falling asleep on them; but it was 2:20 a.m. and he was speaking Portuguese and I really couldn't understand much of anything. So I rationalized my action, reached over, and turned off the light in mid-sentence. The room fell silent. In the morning, needless to say, he was mad and wouldn't speak. I felt guilty for a moment, and then returned to my book.

—Lisa Macchling

"Monsieur X. He is the tall, slender, idle one with... loose eyes"

Composing a "Letter from Paris" has taken me nearly six months. Five of those months have been spent agonizing over whether anything printable could result from my constant state of "transitional turmoil." I'd thought if I waited long enough I'd be rendered wild and brilliant like Montesquieu, Voltaire, or Joni Mitchell, who've all taken their stab at the "city of lights"...No such luck, friends.

A common statement among students here (myself included) is that progress can best be charted by the number of major crises that do not occur per day (per week, if you're lucky). These crises are almost always the result of not knowing the language, yet!

In Paris a crime of the tongue is considered a capital one. I've been detained for impromptu grammar lessons in the bank, grocery store, bakery, cafes and subway (but the subway is another story). At the railroad station, the clerk made me count to 100 aloud, so that henceforward I would not derange anyone with incorrect ciphers. At a favorite student "greasy spoon," I stumbled over some prepositions and pronouns and told the busboy, referring to a glass of lemonade, "that's me," (instead of "that's mine"). He evidently took my "you understand, don't you?" expression for an invitation to display his professional skills. He told me, "That is a glass." I said, "Yes, I know, it's me," repeating my blunder. He explained it was "mine" and that this was "his"...and that is "yours" and "theirs," etc. Okay, okay. It's all part of the "15% service included"...Oh, where art thou, Henry Higgins, with the line "The French don't care what they do, actually, as long as they pronounce it correctly..."? I've had no trouble remembering those pronouns since.

The most consistent perturbing incident of life as a young woman in Paris is the "Hey Mademoiselle" masher. His name is Monsieur X, Y, or Z. He seems to have been born and bred in the metro (subway) or perhaps in an Algerian restaurant in the Latin Quarter. Before boarding my 727 last June, I had been repeatedly warned about Monsieur X. He is the tall, slender, idle one, with dark hair and loose eyes. His particular prey seems to be green American girls studying metro maps (the dead giveaway).

I must admit I'd been so primed to meet Monsieur X, I almost expected

him to be waiting for me as I got off the plane. He wasn't. In fact, I passed nearly two weeks in Paris without incident. But the first evening I decided to take advantage of the cultural opportunities of Paris (a ballet in the courtyard of the Louvre), Monsieur X made his move. While changing lines in an unfamiliar metro station, he found me. "Mademoiselle... Mademoiselle?" "Miss, Miss..." Impulse number one, was to laugh. (You've got to be kidding!!) While he crooned on and on, "Mademoiselle, please speak me... Where are you going? Speak to me."

I assembled all the appropriate warnings I'd ever heard since the age



Artwork by KARLA THOMPSON

of three. "Never speak to strangers." Secondly, "Ignore completely any Parisian man who begins to hassle you" (sage advice from Paris veterans). The most resounding phrase was one from a Linda Stattem self-defense class at Xavier last spring: "It's the woman who responds with anger who survives." But along with that, I was imagining an obscure newspaper headline: "Xavier Coed Slaughters Parisian at the Louvre." I could barely stand the absurdity of the scene. How I ached to say "Bug off" and be done with it. I was saved by the Louvre entrance. I assume Monsieur X doesn't care for ballet...Whew!

Earlier in this article I mentioned that Monsieur X (Y, Z) seeks primarily American girls. Our French friends attest to this also. For instance, Sylvie, a pretty 18-year-old French girl, was once walking with a British friend speaking English. Monsieur X appeared with his "pssst Mademoiselle...come take a glass of wine with me...pssst Mademoiselle." Sylvie turned on him with some scalding French. And he disappeared.

The worst of these encounters (to date) was on an October afternoon Monsieur X to page 8

THE BACKPAGE

SELL YOUR COWS

The Back Page is a free classified section available to students, faculty, and staff of Xavier University. Ads should not exceed twenty words and must be submitted in writing at the University Center Information Desk c/o The Back Page no later than the Sunday preceding publication. Sorry, no ad will be repeated unless resubmitted.

"CHOPS" OR "WEDGIES" — Kate, the choice is yours. I love you and Merry Christmas.

I:Z — have enough anti-freeze for chilly Detroit nights? Merry Christmas.

DEEDEE — keep Lafayette warm when the North Wind blows. Happy New Year. P.S. Why do cows face the East?

DWIGHT: Merry Christmas, bark-bark.

IS THE FIRST FLOOR HUSMAN a bus-stop or pit-stop? X-mas cheer to Clance, Rabbi, Jol and all!

JAC IS STILL A TURKEY, but Merry Christmas anyway...

DID YOU EVER GET THE FEELING Xavier was Catch-22 and Fr. Mulligan is Col. Cathcart? I'm Maj. Danby, whose Yossarian? The dead man in my tent has a gun, but I can't find it.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY Debby, from N.G.

PART-TIME SALES JOBS: \$300 mo. guar. sal. appt. only, no experience nec. need car. contact Ed Birck or call 831-0098, 3-6p.m.

NOTICE: There will be an organizational meeting of the Xavier Apathy Club Fri. 19 of Dec. at 3:15 a.m. in the Muskie Dome. Get with it! Don't join!

GIRLS LIKE IT too! Just ask Chuck F.

"WELL, WELL" HE SAID EVILLY. "Please, sir? Buy some apples?" she asked pleadingly. "Of course," he smiled again, "just step inside."

MERRY CHRISTMAS to a "spirited and tenacious" friend. I understand the Xavier News is always looking for reporters. MB.

DEAR EUNUCH: Rumor has it that you are still trying to shrink your hip-huggers. How many times do you have to wash them before they fit? "Stud"

WE'RE GIVING IT ALL to Christ. Signed Charly Fallon and Jack Diamond.

THE FRAT HOUSE IS DEAD! Book 'em Dano, murder one.

OF ANNE: Where'd you get those two kids — over-munched out?

I:Z: You're looking good. Clear complexion and blooming body: a result of you know what!

"MOTORBOAT POWER" Right Rocket! T.H., D.F., S.M., T.V.

THANKS MR. AND MRS. LINSMEYER from all the Muskies!

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Monsieur X from page 7

as I left the metro and headed towards a congested intersection. While weaving through the bottleneck with my Japanese friend, I felt a sudden slap on my elbow. Out of the corner of my eye, I glimpsed an octogenarian Bruce Lee making leaping kicks in my direction. I grabbed Mamiko's arm and dodged out of the howling man's range. I was completely stunned. (trauma no. 127...Why me? Why ME?). But Mamiko, in her oriental simplicity, placidly summed up the episode: "Oh yes, there are some strange types (say that "teeps") in Paris." You don't say. A bientot, folks.

Phannon Flynn

University Senate from page 1

actually constrict the free flow of ideas, and finally the question of who would initially identify what constituted "a clear and present danger."

A friendly amendment was accepted which includes a clause referring to "clear and present danger to the University." The structure for an appeal committee, is to be worked out later by the administration.

The last section of the second proposal concerned questionable films, providing for a committee to screen such films. After some discussion, the proposal was accepted.

BE CAREFUL
HOW YOU LISTEN
to the Spirit in your life...



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